

W I N T E R,

A N

1501/91.

O D E:

T O

A FRIEND at OXFORD.

A

T R A N S L A T I O N

F R O M

The *L A T I N* of Mr. THOMPSON.

By J. T. late of CAMBRIDGE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. WALLER, at the Crown and Mitre, in Fleet-street.

M D C C X L V I I .

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A FRIEND OF OXFORD

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TRANSLATION

FROM

The LATAIN of Mr. THOMSON

By J. T. late of CAMBRIDGE

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. WATSON, at the Crown and Mile, in Thread-needle-street.

MDCCCXVII

W I N T E R,

A N

O D E.

A L A S! no longer now appear
The softer seasons of the year.
Of sports and loves what muse now sings?
Away, my lyre;—boy, break the strings.

Old joyless Winter, who disdains
Your sprightly, flow'ry, Attic strains,
Wrapt into fable calls for aids
Rough, gloomy, as the rug he wears.

Pleasure, for ever on the wing,
 Wild, wanton, restless, fluttering thing,
 Airy springs by with sudden speed,
 Swifter than MARO's flying steed.

Ah! where is hid the sylvan scene,
 The leafy shade, the vernal green?
 In FLORA's meads the sweets that grew,
 Colours which Nature's pencil drew?
 Chaplets, the bust of POPE might wear,
 Worthy to bloom around LANTHE's hair?

Gay-mantled Spring away is flown,
 The silver-trefted Summer's gone,
 And golden Autumn; nought remains
 But Winter with his iron chains.



The feather-footed Hours that fly
 Say, " Human Life thus passes by."
 What shall the wise, the prudent? they
 Will seize the bounty of to-day,
 And prostrate to the Gods their grateful homage pay.

The man, whom Isis' stream inspires,
 Whom PALLAS owns, and PHOEBUS fires,
 Whom SUADA, smiling goddess, deigns
 To guide in sweet Hyblæan plains,
 He Winter's storms, undaunted still, sustains.

Black lowring skies ne'er hurt the breast
 By white-rob'd Innocence posselt.
 Roar as ye list, ye winds,—begin,—
 Virtue proclaims fair Peace within :
 Ethereal Power! 'tis you that bring
 The balmy Zephyrs, and restore the Spring.

Should

Should dangers e'er my Friend assail,
 Virtue flings round her coat of mail;
 Kindly protects thee from all harms,
 Drest in her native spotless charms.
 Thy mind at ease no tumult knows,
 With all his rage tho' black NOVEMBER blows.

Dark stormy months I too defy,
 NOVEMBER blows, and what care I:
 Tun'd to new joys my hours I pass,
 Sing with the muse, trip with the lass,
 And ne'er forget my bliss-inspiring glass.

With HORACE now dispos'd to laugh,
 Worthy the lips of JOVE I quaff
 Rich VENUSINE: now lose my soul
 In OVID's sweet nectareal bowl.

If

If you, CALLIOPE, should deign
 Aloud to found a martial strain,
 Your vot'ry streight in rapture hears
 The noble music of the spheres:
 Mounted on wings, fee! fee! I fly
 With MANTUA's swan, and range the boundless sky.

With eager joy I oft repair
 To the gay crouded Theatre,
 Where shines the man who treads our stage,
 GARRICK! the ROSCIUS of the age!
 His voice, mien, manner, look, a life imparts;
 'Tis He who captivates our eyes,—our hearts.

VANBRUGH,—your leave,—what's lewdly writ
 I hate,—I hate th' Immoral Wit.
 Immortal SHAKESPEAR I admire,
 And kindle at his sacred fire:

O!

O! what a glory breathes his page,
 He lives! — he lives thro' ev'ry age
 Father of Tragedy, he reigns
 Sole monarch o'er Theatric plains.

Hence with the sock :—the Queen commands :—
 Grac'd with the golden buskin stands :
 The stage in majesty improves,
 Trembling beneath her, awful as she moves.

What thunder bursts!—it made me start;—
 Thunder beyond the reach of art!
 The claps!—I heard 'em,—how they roll!
 The lovely terror shakes my soul :
 Who talks of fiends!—of gaping graves!—
 OTHELLO!—'tis OTHELLO raves!

What tendernefs!—what fierce disdain
 Whirls, boils, and foams thro ev'ry vein!

He

He swears!—invokes hell, earth, air, skies!
 See where the glorious madman flies!
 He groans,—he trembles,—falls,—the Hero dies!

SHAKESPEAR, excessive joys like these
 (I almost said) are cruelties:
 Whirlwinds of pleasure tear the panting breast,
 And the mind akes, too exquisitely blest.

Chang'd is the scene:—methinks I rove
 In some enchanted cypress grove,
 Soft OTWAY calls!—who can refuse
 The plaintive voice of OTWAY's muse?
 We'll go, my fair IANTHE, we will go,
 Tho' your fond love inspiring eyes o'erflow
 Like bubbling springs, more beautiful in woe.

Sweet is the sympathy of woe.
 Have I not seen (nay felt it too)
 Trickling adown the cheek the tear,
 Daughter of silent grief appear,
 Speak its soft language, and express
 Charming MONIMIA's deep distress!

What murmurs of the anxious Fair!
 What sighs around perfume the air!
 OTWAY, you paint what nature is,
 Beyond the BARD of SALAMIS;
 Your muse can with our passions play,
 And steal us from ourselves away.

Let others prize what *Men* bestow,
 The lofty name, the laurel'd brow:

More

[II]

More charming, sure, thy triumphs are
(Who would not wish to win the Fair!)
To raise at pleasure hopes, or fears,
To soften *Virgins* into tears.
Poet, I envy thee, who thus
Canst conquer them, who conquer us.

F I N I S.

More charming, sure, thy triumphs are
(Who would not wish to win the Fair!)

To raise at pleasure or to fears,

To lessen Vigour into tears.

Poor, I envy thee, who thus
Canst conquer them, who conquer